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The Missile



OCTOBER, 1915

Petersburg High School

Petersburg, Virginia



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Non qui multum, sed qui bene

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1915

NO. 1

The Darkness and The Light

The dawn that sees Aurora kiss
This Land of Liberty,
Endeared to Freedom's loyal sons
And blest with peace and wrapp'd
In robes of sweet tranquility,
Is marred on distant shores
Where waters of Atlantic's seas
Their mighty billows roll,
By demons of Satanic blood
That barbarously rage
In madden'd fury, unrestrained.
The fruit of centuries,
Ordained when first the Light was seen
In ancient Babylon,
Now mock'd and crush'd by cannon's roar,
Is shattered in despair.
Oh! Righteousness has ceased to sway
The brutal hearts of men;
Morality and Love are scorned—
Alas—the Light is dimmed.
But lo! a wreathed smile creeps o'er
That haggard countenance!
The darkness of humanity
Is lighted by *one* gleam!
On that, Almighty God, bestow
The blessings of Thy Grace—
On Freedom's land—America!
Thine own America! —MEYER LAVENSTEIN, '16

The Edict of Wilson



HE United States is a neutral country! Do these words have a familiar sound? They ought to, for they are the words of President Wilson. They were expressed when people began to feel strongly about the war, when the press published insinuating articles, when the excitement was running high. They still hold good.

On March fourth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, President Wilson took his oath of office. He pledged himself to guide the country through storm and peril, and it was understood that the country would accept his leadership, would not scorn his opinions and advice. Yet when a time comes when his advice is useful, it is deliberately ignored. People shout their opinions in every direction. They hurl challenges to their neighbors. They make absurd bets and become furious over the outcome. Is this neutrality?

In time of war at Rome, a dictator was appointed. He had absolute power as long as the war continued. The people placed themselves under his care. Why do we not follow the example of the Romans, and place ourselves under the President's care? If the nation selected Wilson from other candidates to govern for four years, why did it treat him as though unworthy of this honor? Why does it neglect his wish?

The nation will bring us into a perilous war if it keeps up at the present rate. Such marked partisanship among the people of the United States can not help provoking the jealousy of the unfavored side. Human nature is the same everywhere; unrestrained human nature is a menace the world over! We cannot control our likes and our dislikes, but we can suppress our actions.

Neutrality is not only desirable, it is imperative.

—MARY WILLSON, '18.

For Out of Sorrow Cometh Joy



IN the little crossroads church the sermon was just drawing to a close. It was very late in the day—in fact, almost evening. There had been reports to be made, and it was afternoon service, too. It was one of those lifeless hot days, when everything seems to irritate, or weary. Up in the choir, at the rear of the church, Mr. Meredith slept sweetly in his corner. Two sopranos were looking at him and nudging each other. Mr. Morgan was writing notes to Minnie Ballard, who laughed at him. The first soprano was looking over her next Sunday's solo. And Miss Macdonald, the leader, was watching all, amusedly, though trying now and then to follow the sermon.

Miss Macdonald was not a native of the village, but had come to the Rawlings' farm for a month, and had consented to take the choir during her stay. She was director of a large choir of a large church in her home city; one that was known throughout the city for its well selected and well-sung music. She had a wonderful contralto voice herself—so clear and powerful, yet at the same time so sweet and musical and "human," as Barbara Rawlings said. Barbara's greatest ambition was to sing—to be the possessor of a lovely voice; but she had no hope of realizing her ambition. She was positive that she could not sing, and her friends agreed with her. The revelation of what a voice might mean, given by Miss Macdonald, made her long all the more for the power of singing.

At length the minister closed his Bible, and there was a lively rustle of relief as he announced the last hymn. Then the squeaky little organ began to squeak, and they sang the hymn, Miss Macdonald's voice rising above and dominating all the others, and even atoning for the organ. And then all heads were bowed while the benediction was pronounced; and it was over at last.

Barbara and the leader came out together, after the customary greeting had been paid, and went over to the buggy. Jim Rawlings was to drive them home behind Pluto, a long-limbed, black beauty of a horse, with wicked eyes, and ears that seemed always flat back. But now, instead of starting off at once, he came forward with a worried air. There had been trouble between their father and his neighbor, and if certain papers were not brought home that night, there might be serious trouble for them. Could the two go home by themselves? Pluto had seemed rather decent recently.

Barbara was delighted at the thought of the long drive.

"Surely! I can manage Pluto very well."

"Wel—l. But best go slow. I don't half like to leave you."

"Oh, he'll be all right. Come on, Miss Macdonald." And they climbed into the buggy, while Jim hurried off.

Pluto struck out for home at a swinging trot, while the girls settled themselves for the long drive.

It was almost dark when they reached Gatewood, about three miles from home. The roadside was a mass of wavering shadows, and silent shades glared at them from trees and bushes. Pluto was uneasy. He did not like such indefinite views, nor did he deem it good policy to be entirely unconcerned about terrible things he couldn't just see. So when a fluffy mass of blackness formed awkwardly from the bushes, followed by an equally terrifying ball of gliding black, he was on the alert. He stopped short just one moment, and then was off, rushing straight for home. His head was up, his ears were forward, and his nostrils were distended; his breath came in gasps. There was no stopping Pluto now—no, not if the rankest bit in the world were between his teeth. Clinging desperately to the reins, Barbara realized this, and, sickening, she saw a vivid picture of the end. They would dash past Angers farm, then Pluto would dart 'round the corner by the old pine tree. They would be thrown out and probably killed. And if they, by some miraculous chance, did manage to cling to the buggy, there was that other turn at

the gate, and the ditch. There would be no jumping. She glanced at Miss Macdonald. She was very pale, but there was no flinching in her grey eyes—instead, a firm, but desperate purpose. She had half risen. And now, clinging to the buggy, she climbed over the dashboard, to the madly-lurching shafts. How they pitched! How near were Pluto's awful hoofs! But—how near was the pine tree! With desperate caution she worked her way forward, step by step, clutching at the harness for support. And now she had gained the horse's back, and was unbuckling the straps wrapped around the shafts on each side. And now, she was working her way back to the dash. And now she had unbuckled the straps farther back, until only the traces held the mad horse to the careening buggy. The shafts struck him on his fore legs at every leap. Imminent destruction threatened. Working quick as lightning, the girl snatched the reins from her friend, tossed them forward, and unfastened one trace. The singletree whirled and the buggy jerked—the other trace broke, and Pluto was free.

For one moment the buggy quivered, on two wheels, and Miss Macdonald clung to the broken shafts. Then the buggy came to a stop, and the girl fell lifelessly to the ground.

In a flash Barbara was at her side, bending anxiously over her. She straightened her—for one foot was doubled under her—loosened her clothing, did what she could. But what could be done? Perhaps—(things were becoming black)—perhaps she could get some water, and—and—she dropped. In the mad race she had been struck by a flying stone.

And the two were found there late in the night, both unconscious, and were carried to the house. Doctors were summoned, and nurses, but it was long before they came. And when they did the doctors were very uncommunicative. Barbara would be all right in a few days, but Miss Macdonald—one should not be pessimistic, they said, but her foot was in very bad condition. She would never be able to walk far again.

Days passed slowly, until Barbara was almost well and Miss Macdonald slowly becoming better. Then they told her how it would be when she recovered—she could not walk much. And when they told her, she just turned to the wall for a moment. Then she turned again and softly sang a verse of an old ballad, haunting and sweet. She had sacrificed, but not in vain. Barbara, unthinking, answered, and sang another, still more softly, her voice full of sorrow and grief. Then as her voice grew stronger with emotion, she realized of a sudden that it was a new something singing, something wonderful and strong.

For she could sing.

—IDA ROUTH, '16.

“Jimmie, your face is dirty again this morning!” exclaimed the teacher. “What would you say if I came to school with a dirty face?”

“I’d be too perlitte,” replied Jimmie, “to say anything, ma’am.”

THE COUNTRY HOTEL’S RULES AND REGULATIONS.

If you find no bell, ring the towel.

Guests on retiring, please remove their shoes.

Guests are required not to speak to dumb waiters.

Guests wishing to go driving will be supplied with nails.

If your room gets too hot, open the window and watch the fire escape.

If you want to practice ball, you’ll find a pitcher on the stand.

If there is no water in your room, turn back the cover and find the springs.

Communications from "Private Demot"

"Somewhere" in Northern France.

December 24, 1914.

To Editor of "Third Year Weekly News"—

I hope this will reach you in time to be published before the New Year's issue, as I should like to proclaim to all the United States what an adventurous life it is to be in the trenches of the French army.

Early in September I volunteered for the French army, but I was not sent to the front until late in October, the 28th to be exact. Our company was sent into the second line of trenches until we became used to trench life, and then on the 9th of November, we were ordered to occupy the first line of trenches until we became used to the life, and then was not that I was afraid, but there was a twitching feeling all over my body that every man experiences on his first day of real fighting.

Eight hours after we had occupied the trenches, the Germans began sniping at us, but their shots had no effect. Soon a huge shell burst about one hundred yards in front of our trench, and some behind us. I only wondered what would happen if one of those large shells exploded in our trench, where I was. But I soon gave it up, because we saw a Taube flying overhead, trying to get our range and send it by wireless telegraphy to the battery. We turned four machine guns upon it, but the Taube was out of range, and it suffered no harm. But one of the larger guns in the second trench disabled it, and it was forced to retire.

Then there came a lull in the firing. The captain in command, issued an order to stand by to repel invaders, and his words were whispered down the line. Soon there came a volley, two volleys, three volleys, and then continuous firing from the enemy. A gray line of German infantry sprang up from their trenches as if by magic, and charged down upon us. But we were ready for them, with fixed bayonets.

Soon it became a hand-to-hand fight for life. The struggling mass of blue and gray surged backwards and forwards. At this point I don't remember what happened, but I was dimly conscious of a cheer that was given by the arrival of reinforcements from the second line and the hasty retreat of the Germans. Then I lost consciousness.

When I came to, I was in a French field hospital, with a nurse continually by my side. Our captain came in later with his right sleeve dangling without his right arm, and a huge gash upon his cheek. He congratulated me for my brave conduct, and said he would recommend me to General Joffre for a Cross of the Legion of Honor. How my heart leaped at that! He told me that I had killed nine Germans, two of them officers, and with my own hand had captured the German flag that was carried by the enemy.

That is about the end. At his recommendation I received from Gen. Joffre himself the Cross of the Legion of Honor and a ringing salute was given me for my bravery. Now, as I am writing this, my treasured Cross is fastened under my uniform above my heart, and it is my most treasured possession. But this letter must come to a close sometime, so I will make an end now. Therefore I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Private Demot, Co. K; 3rd Army Corps.
(MONTGOMERY JACKSON, '17.)

Theorem.: One dog has three tails.

Given: One dog.

To Prove: One dog has three tails.

Proof: One dog has one tail (according to nature). *No dog has two tails* (unnatural).

By Addition: One dog has three tails.

Q. E. D.—Ex.

Teacher: Now children, name some of the lower animals, starting with Willie T.—

Wilhelm of Hohenzollern

He is working for his people,
Who love their native land
And striving hard to conquer
The opposing allied band.
He fought beside his soldiers,
And a man as brave as he
Should rule a mighty empire
And her islands in the sea.

He loves his native country,
Which is just beyond the Rhine,
And this love has just been proven
On the dreadful firing line.
And his men cry, "God save Wilhelm
For a man as true as he,
Should rule our mighty empire
And our islands in the sea."

—RAYMOND C. PERKINSON, '17.

Jack Bear's Race



ANG! It was the starter's gun for the two mile race. This event, along with several others, was an attraction of the Corntassel County Fair. There were ten entries. Most of the contestants were gawky, muscle-bound country youths, who did not know the first rudiments of running; but one stood head and shoulders above all the rest. This was Jack Bear, an orphan, who worked in the village. He was clean limbed, well muscled, of good proportions, and had a natural, easy stride. When he broke the tape his nearest rival was four hundred yards behind. All during the race a strange, well dressed man kept muttering, "He's just the man! He's just the man!"

That night at the hotel Jack was accosted by the stranger who introduced himself as Johnston Harvey. This was a name with which everyone was familiar, as he was the richest man in America. He invited Jack up to his room and Jack, wondering, accepted.

When they were seated, Harvey turned to Bear and said, "I suppose you are wondering what possible business I may have with you, aren't you?"

"You guessed right the first time," smiled Jack.

"I am going to tell you a story. Once there was a Harvard two miler who had a bright future before him. At Yale there was also a good two miler. When the dual meet between Yale and Harvard came off, the two cracks were pitted against each other. The pistol barked and all the runners shot to the pole in a bunch. The Harvard crack was spiked by the Yale man in what appeared to be an accident, but I know it was not. The Harvard man was carried from the field and has been lame ever since. Now I was the Harvard man and Tommy Owens the Yale man."

"Not Owens the A. A. U. champion?"

"No. That is Owens Sr.'s son. I happen to know that Owens's greatest ambition is to have his son win the Olympic Championship in the two mile, and from present indications

his hopes will be realized, as there is no one abroad or at home who can beat him. If I can defeat this ambition I shall consider myself revenged, and this I intend to do thru you."

"What asylum did you escape from? I, a rank amateur, beat the champion, Owens?" cried Jack.

"Exactly. You have the makings of a champion and I shall now state my proposition. You are to come out to my farm and live until the next Olympic Games. During that time you can have everything money can buy, and you will be trained by the best coach in the country. In return for this, you are to run against Owens."

"When do we start?" inquired Bear.

"The next train leaves in two hours. We will catch that."

Bear went home, packed, and, bidding his friends a hasty farewell, met Harvey at the station with ten minutes to spare. They reached Harvey's farm the next day at noon.

Under Stringer's careful coaching, Bear was really becoming a "bear." He was in the pink of condition and with the Olympic Games two weeks off, he did the distance, for the first time, against the watch. Stringer would not tell his time but Jack knew it was good, as both Stringer and Harvey appeared satisfied. Nothing was thought of Bear's entry, as nothing was known of him.

The day of the games came at last. The two mile was not to be held until the third day. Bear slept well and when his race was announced he was ready to run the race of his life.

He had never seen Owens, but the mental picture he had formed of him resembled a "Black Hand." When they lined up for the start he was surprised to find Owens a man whose features denoted gentle birth. He was kept from further observation by—

"Ready all? Take your marks! Set!"—Bang!!

An Italian runner set the pace with Bear and Owens second and third, respectively. The others of the field of

sixty-five were in a straggling bunch. The race was eight circuits of a quarter mile track. For the first four laps their positions remained unchanged. At the start of the fifth Owens, by a spurt, gained the lead, passing both Bear and the Italian. The Italian was laboring hard and was about all in. He was easily passed on the sixth lap by Bear. Owens steadily increased his lead and at the start of the eighth lap he was about fifty yards to the "good." Bear quickened his stride on the bell lap, and gradually cut down the lead and, when the final sprint came, he was only ten yards behind. He started his spurt first, and before Owens knew it he was "breathing on his back." They both sprinted, but Bear seemed to have more in reserve than Owens, and passed him. He increased his lead until the cheers of the thousands proclaimed him the winner.

Bear escaped the crowd and returned to his hotel. Harvey was highly elated over his victory and promised to make Jack his private secretary at a salary of \$5,000 a year.

Jack was a little late in coming down to dinner and you can imagine his surprise when he saw Harvey in earnest conversation with Owens.

"My son, Tommy Harvey, Jack."

"But I—" began Jack.

"I know you did," said Harvey. "I was very much opposed to Tommy's running, and when he said he would not quit until he was beaten I gave him one year to change his mind or be disowned. I regretted this afterward, but was too proud to retract my statement, so you see I had to find some one to beat him in the space of a year. Fortunately I hit upon you. Although I really was spiked, the Tommy Owens story was a myth."

"Then I suppose my being Private Secretary is also a myth?" ruefully asked Jack.

"No; that still goes," smiled Harvey. "But come, the dinner is growing cold."

"I may get over this, but I'll never look the same," said Jack. between bites.

—PAGE REES, '17.



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Irma I. James, '16.....Editor-in-Chief

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Ida B. Routh, '16.

Meyer H. Lavenstein, '16.

Alice Riddick, '16.....	Exchange Editor
Jane Cabaniss, '18.....	Alumni Editor
J. C. Chandler, Jr., '17.....	Boys' Athletic Editor
Kathryn Weeks, '16.....	Girls' Athletic Editor
Geraldine Gerald, '16.....	Head Reporter
Edward L. Traylor, '16.....	Business Manager
Hovey Sheffield, '17.....	Assistant Business Manager
J. E. L. Meakin, '16.....	Circulating Manager
Helen Townes, '16.....	Editor of "A Few Pointers"
Hugh Jackson, '18.....	Art Editor

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Advertising rates are furnished upon application to the Business Manager. All advertisers may feel confident that through the columns of this magazine they reach most of the best people in Petersburg as well as throughout the entire country.

All contributions to this magazine such as poems, stories, school-notes, or jokes, will be greatly appreciated and will receive due consideration.

Other papers oft remind us
We can make our own sublime,
If our fellow schoolmates send us
Contributions all the time;
Here a little, there a little,

Story, news-notes, song, or jest,
If you want a good school paper
Each of you must do your best!

—Ex.

Again "*The Missile*" resumes its work! Here at the beginning of the school term we stand expectant and hopeful of great things. Filled with renewed energy and vigor, nothing daunts us, and we feel confident that this will be a very successful year.

We, the recently elected staff, accept with great expectation and yet with awe our new positions. We fully appreciate the honor and feel the responsibility of the task that lies before us. Although we wish to make this the most successful year of "*The Missile*," we realize that we have a very difficult duty to perform. We hope, however, that the student body will co-operate with us as they have done with the former staffs, for they know that the success of the school paper depends upon their enthusiasm and work. Why did the Japanese surprise the world by defeating the Chinese? Why could Napoleon conquer nearly all of Europe? Because of the enthusiasm and patriotism of the countrymen. When does Petersburg win the most games? When we show our loyalty to the school by going to the games to cheer the team on. What will make our magazine a success? School spirit and that alone! Have you measured yours? "*The Missile*" is our herald. Is it a true one? It appeals to you. Make it what you will!

HONOR SYSTEM.

Last year, as a result of the efforts of the class of '15, the Honor System was established in our school. A Student Council was formed, the president being elected by the student body, and one member from each class being appointed by him. This Council was endowed with full power to take such measures as it saw fit, in case of any dishonorable thing

reported to it. A majority of the pupils signed a pledge, promising to support the Council by reporting to it any case of dishonesty coming under their notice, and granting to the whole school the right to question anything about them which did not seem strictly honorable.

We trust that very, very soon a Council may be appointed, for all of last year's Council are not back this year. And for the welfare of the school and the success of the System, we must understand how necessary it is to be careful whom we place in this responsible position of President of the Student Council. It is necessary to have a student who has made good, who is in earnest, in whom you have confidence, and with whom you are satisfied to leave the decision in matters very closely touching the honor of the school. He must be a student with some decision of character, yet one who is always impartial and open to suggestion; one with tact and discretion. Of the whole school, in the upper classes, who do you think has the most judgment and wisdom? Think of this, and settle in your own mind whom you want, carefully weighing the qualifications of any you think fit, that when you are called upon to vote you may be fully prepared to select the student best fitted for this office of highest honor and gravest responsibility that the school can give.

MILITARY TRAINING IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

It is our solemn duty as Americans, as inheritors of this land where our forefathers died in defence of the sacred rights of civil and political freedom, to defend these principles, however pressing be the conditions. To deny this is to deny allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. And whenever the time demands, that patriotic fervor and loyal passion which characterize true Americans must safeguard these immortal doctrines which are essentially the basic principles of our government. Unfortunately, it seems that that time is at hand. Whatever be the contentions of the alarmist or pacifist, the optimist or pessimist, these facts

are irrefutable: American rights on the seas have been trampled upon; international law, which we are honor bound to uphold, has been repeatedly violated; and moreover, industrial crises have been caused by strikes instigated directly through foreign agents. There is, therefore, but one conclusion to be drawn: America must prepare!

Have we an efficient army? By no means! Have we a capable navy? Certainly not! Then the present exigency imperatively demands action—immediate action—that must appeal to the interest of the entire nation!

To go to the heart of the question, young Americans must realize their grave responsibility, for they are to mould the nation's destinies of the next generation. We must go into the High Schools and tell the young men that it is their solemn duty to protect their native land with its glorious traditions.

But here comes the "peace-at-any-price" man and shouts: "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier. Do you want us to be a war-mad people? Are you going to turn America into a military camp?" It is this pernicious spirit, however, that threatens the welfare of the nation. It must be understood that military training in the High School is not to teach our boys to be efficient soldiers, war-maniacs, or militarists; but to give them the elementary principles of military life; not to be offenders, but defenders. Military training as it is to be governed in the High School cannot possibly foster militarism. Americans are essentially anti-militarists; it is inconceivable that any other spirit could prevail.

The advantage of this training, inasmuch as it gives the youth of the nation a higher sense of patriotism and a deeper realization of the principles of humanity which America must safeguard, are conspicuous in other branches of school life. That it promotes chivalry and manliness, discipline and obedience should alone demand steps towards its establishment, and most especially since it develops physical efficiency and mental activity. Certainly if it is our duty to defend America, it is our duty to defend the essential principles of America—the

inherent doctrines of our civilization. That, primarily, is the aim of military training in the High School. There can be no nobler purpose.

With belief that a greater interest in Petersburg would lead to beneficial results, the editors have decided to make the next issue of the *Missile* the Petersburg Number. The co-operation and support of the student body in contributing articles on important subjects relating to the city—historical, industrial, commercial and civic conditions—are earnestly solicited. Remember, it is our *Missile*, and let us make it the best number yet.





I WONDER!

I wonder why it happens that when the teacher's out
 The girls begin to giggle and the boys nearly shout?
 And I think it's mighty funny that as soon as she comes in
 We all get awfully quiet and there's not a single grin.

I wonder why it happens that when a teacher's new
 The boys begin to talk out loud and the girls are horrid too?
 But just let Mr. Wolff or someone else look in
 We all get mighty quiet and there's not a bit of din.

When we want to sharpen pencils, or the desk begins to squeak
 Or a boy over yonder cries out, "Teacher, kin I speak?"
 I wonder why it's always with a teacher that is new?
 And not with Mr. Wolff or Miss Segar, do not you?

—TUCKER BRYAN, '18.

Miss H. of IIIA: "Where is Sing Sing?"

Miss Stribling: "In China."

Miss G. of IIIA translating Cicero: "—and he could hardly
 escape them by stepping aside with his body."

Miss B.: "Where did Mr. — come from?"

Miss M.: "Brazil, the land of the nuts."

Mr. M.: "Mr. K. what did Chaucer write during the Italian Period of his work?"

Mr. K.: "Dante's Inferno" (Darn if I know).

A lacu Lemanno, qui in flumen Rhodanum influit.

Miss T. of IIIB, translating, "—by the lake Lemannus, which flew into the Rhone river."

The IVB's regret that Miss Alice Leigh Mason, who has been with them during their high school life, cannot continue it with them this year. It is their sincere wish that she will be speedily restored to good health.

Mr. C. in IIIA English, had just quoted from the Bible.

Mr. Miller: "You know the devil can quote scripture for his purpose."

Mr. M. in IIIA English: "Miss Godsey, I enjoy *what* in the dark?"

Wanted: A larger desk for Miss M. of IVA.

The IVA Class regrets that Miss Banks and Mr. Roettger are unable to be back with them this year.

Miss R. in History: "Name some of the things the Queen of Sheba gave Solomon."

Mr. P., now of IIB: "Peacocks, apes and some coins marked 800 B. C."

Mr. S.: "Miss C. of IVB, how are you making out with your Arithmetic?"

Miss C.: "I can manage the ciphers all right, but, oh my, the figures."

Wanted: To know what P. G. stands for.

Alas! The IVB's had an English test that they didn't fail on.

Mr. R. of IVB, transcribing his short-hand notes (We are perfectly satisfied to stand the loss in excess transportation charges): "We are perfectly satisfied to stand the kiss," etc. O, where were Mr. R.'s thoughts wandering.

A hearty welcome is extended to the four new teachers of our faculty. Miss Blanche Cousar, a graduate of the Southern College of Georgia, comes to us to fill the vacancy in the Commercial Department. Miss J. B. Burhman, a former teacher of the Blackstone Female Institute, joins us in the English Department, while Mr. P. G. Thompson, a graduate of Washington and Lee, has charge of several Latin, History and Civics classes. Miss Cora Rolfe, our honor graduate of '13, has finished her course at Randolph-Macon Woman's College and Cornell University and is back with us as an assistant in several departments. Although they have been with us a short time, they have won many friends, and we shall endeavor to make our work successful under them.

Having elected officers, the John W. Daniel and Thomas Nelson Page literary societies have entered on their third year. The popular interest in the work of the societies has steadily progressed. Most conspicuous, however, is the great improvement in the programs. The debates have been decidedly more interesting; and the declamations and other selections better rendered. The marked improvement in the spirit of the student body leads us to predict a most successful year.

The following officers have been installed:

PAGE SOCIETY.

Geraldine Gerald, '16	President
Jane Cabaniss, '18	Vice-President
Florence Roper, '19	Secretary
J. M. Ribble, '17	Treasurer
Cameron Hall, '17	Chief Marshal
Mr. Thompson	Critic

DANIEL SOCIETY.

Sarah Seward, '16
Florence Lane, '16
Duckett Jones, '16
Nelson Partin, '17
Edward Traylor, '16
Miss Segar

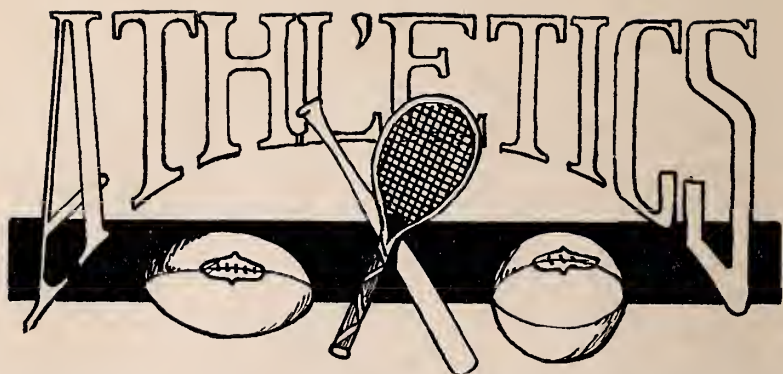
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IN MEMORIAM

Wallace Dyer

1896 1915

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The first football game of the season was played with Waverly High School at the ball park Wednesday, October 13th, before a large crowd of High School pupils and a good number of outsiders. The receipts easily covered the guarantee. The visiting team was much heavier, their smallest man being about the size of our largest. Waverly made a touchdown early in the second quarter by continuous line plunges, and kicked goal, which made the score 7 to 0. We came back strong on the kick-off and made a touchdown by an excellent 50-yard run by Mosby on a forward pass, followed by a line plunge by Jordan. We failed to kick goal and the score was Waverly 7, Petersburg 6, at the end of the half. At the beginning of the third quarter we started down the field on Rees's long end run, but lost the ball on downs. Waverly then proceeded to carry the ball up the field with line plunges. When they were about three yards from the goal, one of their backs fumbled and Pleasants, our left end, fell on the ball. This, doubtless, kept the visitors from scoring further, although later in the quarter Waverly again threatened our goal line. The game, however, resulted in Waverly's victory, 7 to 6. This was a very hard game to lose and everyone praised the team for its good showing. The features of the game were the line plunging of the Waverly backs and the defensive work of the entire Petersburg team. The game was marked by the spirited cheering of the student body, led by cheerleader Meakin.

The line-up of the two teams was as follows:

Malone	Center	Norris
Jackson	Right Guard	M. Livesay
Tench	Right Tackle	West
Mosby	Right End	F. Carr
Peebles	Left Guard	B. Livesay
Williams	Left Tackle	Floyd Carr
Pleasants	Left End	Neblette
Rees (Capt.)	Quarter Back	Gray
Jordan	Full Back	Fanning (Capt.)
Burge (Mgr)	Right Half	Harriss
Lipscomb	Left Half	Harrison

Touchdowns—Harris and Jordan. Goals kicked—Harrison.
 Umpire—Mr. Miller. Referee—Mr. Pollard. Head Linesman—Mr. Scott.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES.

With the opening of a new session in September there was a new step taken in regard to the Athletic Association. In place of the two associations that we formerly had, there being one for the boys and one for the girls, it was decided to have this year a joint association, and the following officers were elected:

President—Page Rees.

Vice-President—Katharyn Weeks.

Secretary and Treasurer—Montgomery Jackson.

Girls' Coach—Miss Ethel Pilcher.

Boys' Coach—Mr. P. G. Thompson.

With this joint association we hope to get both boys and girls interested.

The girls, as yet, have not played any basketball games, nor has a schedule been arranged; but they have come out in full array to practice and prepare for a game, before challenging a team. A large number have been attending the practices, but we hope to see a good many more.

Come out, girls, and get some exercise before studying.



JANE CABANISS, *Editor.*

Mr. Wm. Reese, '10, received the degree of M. D. at the Virginia Medical College this year.

Mr. Berkeley Peebles, '10, graduated from West Point.

Miss Sue Brunet, a former student of P. H. S., was married last June to Mr. Ernest Jones. Congratulations, Mrs. Jones!

Mr. George Morrison, '11, completed his course of study at Washington and Lee.

Miss Cora Rolfe, '11, has received the degree of B. A. at R. M. W. C. and is now a member of the faculty of P. H. S.

Mr. Frederick Ribble has won a scholarship at William and Mary College.

Mr. Frank Buchanan has received a medal at V. P. I.

Miss Agnes Stribling, honor graduate of '13, has been graduated with an all "A" record from the Harrisonburg State Normal.

Mr. Edgar Gilliam, former student of P. H. S., was graduated from the University of Virginia with the degree of B. A. and won the John Thompson medal for his poem entitled, "Seven Songs of Spring."

Miss Francis Drewry, honor graduate of June class of '15, won the Freshman Scholarship at R. M. W. C. in a class of one hundred and ninety. This scholarship was won four years ago by Miss Cora Rolfe.

Sam: "John, how do you keep a rooster from crowing Sunday morning?"

John: "I don't know, Sam. How do you do it?"

Sam: "Kill him Saturday night."

Theorem: A Freshman is an affliction.

Given: A Freshman.

To Prove: A Freshman is an affliction.

Proof: A Freshman is new; new means not old; not old means not stale; not stale means fresh; fresh means smart; smart means pain; pain means an affliction.

Proof: A Freshman is an affliction.

(Things \equiv to same thing or equal quantities are \equiv to each other.)

Q. E. D.—Ex.



Exchanges

We appreciate and take much pleasure in reading the various exchanges which come to us each year and sincerely trust that all the schools which have exchanged magazines with us heretofore will do likewise this term. Every magazine is welcomed by the Petersburg High School.

Our aim in criticizing our exchanges is to help the different schools to see their weak and strong points, to encourage them in their work, and to give them an idea of what we think a school magazine should be.

Do to us as we do to others. Any criticism pertaining to both the faults and virtues of the *Missile* will be gratefully accepted, as it is our desire to correct the former and add to the latter in each succeeding issue.

The P. H. S. wishes this to be the most prosperous year of all in the history of every school.

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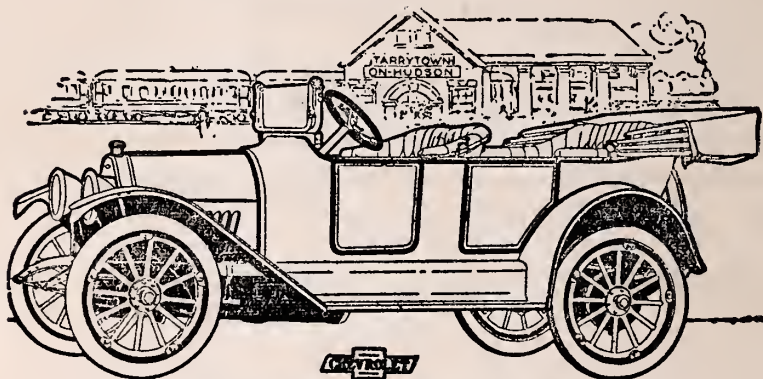
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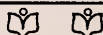
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